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Her een sae bright, her form sae light,
She aften gies my heart a prance ;
When zephyr-like, she bounds along
To meet me in the merry dance.

I'll shortly mak her a' my ain,
And then what is the wail to me,
For peace and love shall crown my hame,
Where I've my Emma Roseberry.

If fortune smiles, we'll use her gifts,
Wi' caution, and sobriety,
And should we hae a bit to spare,
There's mair around to share it wi'.

But if our chance be nae sae guid,
While providence shall grant us health,
Industry aye will bring us food,
Contentment is the best o' wealth.

Thus hand in hand we'll pass along,
This life's uncertain chequered show,
'Till He whose fiat brought us here,
Shall call us where we're all to go.

And may the same all gracious pow'r,
Still guide us by his counsels wise,
Then death shall only seem a friend,
To lead to bliss beyond the skies.

Belfast, 1802.

SONG.

Tune—"Roy's wife of Aldivalloch."

DAYS and years of bliss delighting,
Each to some new joy inviting,
Quickly how ye're fled from me ;
Sorrow all my pleasures blighting.

My Emma was the fairest form,
That ever graced a mortal's dwelling,
Her modest worth, and peerless charms,
Were far above my humble telling.

Days and years, &c.

Contentment ever smiled upon us,
Peace and love were never from us,

Of worldly wealth we were but scant,
And even of that Hope gave a promise.
But now the sad reverse to me,
While memory stern affliction rallies,
For death has cropt the sweetest flow'r,
That ever bloomed in Erin's vallies.

Days and years &c.

After labour, how refreshing,

Our frugal meal of simplest dressing,

Delicious it was still to me ;
When sweetened by my love's caressing.
Now dark and dreary is each scene,
Though bleak December's wet and stormy,
No cheerful fire, no frugal meal,

Nor kiss of welcome is there for me.

Days and years, &c.

Should you wander near a willow,
Where Lagan westward heaves its billow,

Pause, and drop a feeling tear,
For Emma there has made her pillow.
And when this frame the stroke receives,
Which soon or late must sure betide us ;
Then gently lay me down to rest,

That death itself may not divide us.

Belfast, 1805. Days and years, &c.

ANSWER TO MRS. GREVILLE'S PRAYER FOR INDIFFERENCE.

BY A LADY.

WHILST tuneful Greville sweetly sings,
The joys that cold indifference brings,
A nobler theme I chuse,
As tender feelings shall inspire,
I tune my long neglected lyre,
And court once more the muse.

I seek not fame, I ask not praise,
Nor envy all the vernal bays,
That bloom round Greville's head ;
The laurel may her brown outwine,
While, suited to my muse, o'er mine,
Be humbler myrtle spread.

Sweet type of constancy and love,
Its emblematic charm shall prove,
The hope I'll ne'er resign ;

In friendship warm, in love sincere,
To me affection's bonds are dear,
And may those joys be mine !

And pardon, Greville, though I dare,
While I admire, reprove the prayer,
That's breath'd in vain by thee ;
Say shall a heart so formed to know
The transports that from feeling flow,
E'er wish for apathy ?

You seek no kind return in love,
Its hopes and fears you would not prove,
And scorn a lover's name ;
You seek no tempting charm to please,
But sigh for that insipid ease,
Which every brute may claim.

Oh ! Greville, can that heart of thine,
That breathes, that glows in every line,
The sacred touch disown,
Which bids the tear to pity flow,
Which melts in grief at other's woe,
Or makes their joys its own.

Shall she who "as the needle true,"
That's made to turn and tremble too,
A gift so rare despise ;
Shall she, intended but to please,
Whose smile can sorrow's bondage ease,
Shall she, indifference prize.

Distress the mind may often wound,
While bliss can scarce o'erpass the bound
'Twixt joy and agony ;
But who this boundary to attain,
Would not o'erlook whole years of pain,
Can never feel like me.

Should I a lover's fondness claim,
I hope to feel an equal flame,
I'll seek each charm to please ;
Be blest by blessing what I love,
And every selfish thought reprove,
That tends to churlish ease.

Drive calm indifference far from me ;
'Tis tender sensibility
Alone true pleasure yields ;
My days I would not have serene,